OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

The Home and Portrait of a Southern Authoress—A Commercial Instinct Leads to an Unusual Calling—A Fashionable Gown.

MRS. SOUTHWORTH'S HOME.

A Favorite Novelists Cottage on the Banks of the Potomac.

There She Is Now Engaged in the Preparation of Her Memoirs for Early Publication.

For many years Prospect Cottage, the home of Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, the novelist, has been an object of much interest to the sightseer. It is a time-worn, wooden cottage, in West Washington—or Georgetown, as its inhabitants continue to call it—and stands on the brow of the hill, south of Georgetown College, overlooking the Potomac River and the Virginia hills beyond. On the upper side it is only a story and a half, with peaked gables and a broad piazza, which extends around the end and across the back, where there is another story, a high basement. It was, many years ago, the Summer home of a secretary of one of the foreign legations. Mrs. Southworth bought it in 1850, with some of the first earnings of her pen, and it has been her home ever since, except for short visits to England and a few years spent with her son, Dr. Richmond Southworth, and her daughter, Mrs. J. V. Lawrence, in Yonkers on the Hudson.

She is living quietly in it now, with her son and his wife. She sees few visitors, and, though generally pretty well, writes little for publication. She is preparing some "recollections," which cannot fail to be interesting, for in years gone by she had as intimate friends many world famous persons. Had the old house a voice, what entertaining tales could it tell of the brilliant gatherings of old within its walls! Mrs. Southworth looks older, of course, than the picture given here, which was taken a dozen years or more ago, but the brown had not all vanished from her hair, her blue eyes are still bright, and her pale, intellectual face lights up when she talks entertainingly, as she can on many subjects.

Mrs. Southworth was born a little over seventy-six years ago, in a house on Capitol Hill, in which Washington had lived, and in the very room which had been his. Her father, Charles Lecompt Nevitte, and her mother, Susannah George Wailes, belonged in St. Mary's County, Maryland, their people coming over with Calvert in 1632. Her father died when she was about four years old, and her mother married Mr. Joshua Henshaw, and from him she received her education. She was most unfortunate in her marriage. Her husband, to put it mildly, was very eccentric, and disappeared one day when his son was only three or four years old. A daughter was born soon after, and the penniless young mother found herself compelled to earn a living for herself and babes, so started a school. It was not long after that she began writing some short stories, which attracted attention, the first being "The Irish Refugee," published in the Baltimore Saturday Evening Visitor, in 1846. Her first long story, "Retribution," which appeared in the National Era in 1849, is said to have been the first novel published serially in this country. It was the first of some sixty odd novels, to say nothing of innumerable short sketches. If she has not earned a rest, I don't know who has.

Paragraphs go the rounds of the papers about her large income from royalties, but they have little if any foundation. For a good many years she did enjoy a handsome income from her Ledger serials, but got almost nothing for them when issued in book form, though few authors have been more profitable to the publisher. In the public libraries, I have been told, no other books have so often to be rebound.

It has often been said that Mr. Southworth was never heard of after his disappearance, but it is not true. He walked in one morning after his wife had won fame and a home for herself and children. She refused after the first glance to see him again, but did not deny him the right—so lightly thrown away—of seeing his children. He did not remain long, but when he undertook to assert a claim to her earnings her friends, who had long urged her to get a divorce, got a bill through Congress for special relief—up to that time there was no law in the District allowing divorce—but she would not take advantage of it. Her husband died some years later, in Africa, and though he was known to have had considerable money, none of it reached his family.

PROSPECT COTTAGE.

MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

COLOR IN FURNISHING.

Handsome old tapestries are, of course, the richest furniture coverings that one can have. Numbers of pieces that were made in times gone by for the chateaux of the French aristocracy have in recent years found their way across the ocean and are now being sat upon daily by wealthy New Yorkers. These are, of course, far beyond the means of the average person; but very effective imitations are now being made in cotton, which have decided advantages over the machine-made woollen materials of that sort, being softer in tone, proof against moths and considerably cheaper.

One of the prettiest houses at Tuxedo Park has a drawing room in which the walls and furniture coverings are of crimson satin brocade, the wood work and frames of the chairs and sofas being of white. This combination of color is worth remembering, even if one cannot afford the satin brocade.

Blue is a pretty color for a bedroom, but a bad one to make the prevailing tone in a sitting room or parlor, as it necessitates the exclusion of so many other shades.

Terra cotta is a good color for walls in a room or hall where there is plenty of light. For a room that does not get the sun nothing is more cheerful than yellow. A crimson background is the best for showing off pictures. Artists all agree about this.

AMERICAN POTTERY.

Among the triumphs that America has recently scored is the reproduction of the famous "dragon's blood" pottery, originated under the Ming dynasty in China 500 years ago. The vases and jardinieres in this unique ware are much in vogue and likely to be more so because of the costliness of its production. The glazes are a gorgeous blood red, veined and streaked in places with the richest purple hue, and for ages they have been the coveted standard of all that is most distinguished in the world of ceramic art.

The secret process by which this peculiar ware was produced was lost to the world for over a century, then it reappeared, and was again lost, until an American potter, a poor man, who made every sort of sacrifice to attain it, finally succeeded in his aim. Early in his career a curious accident led Mr. Hugh C. Robertson, a Chelsea potter, to a discovery which made him confident of possessing a clew to the long lost art of the Chinese "dragon's blood." He concentrated all his energies upon attaining the secret outright. On one occasion he remained for sixty-two hours constantly on the watch at his kiln, with his eye glued to the sighthole, while a fire of 3,000 degrees raged within, every faculty on the alert to catch, from the appearance of the flames and currents of air, the secret of the transformation he was seeking.

His business financially was a failure. When at length the kiln stood idle for lack of money to procure fuel, the shelves of his shabby shop were filled with the fruits of his labors—priceless vases and jars of a deep iridescent color which declared at once, to the virtuoso, their unmistakable kinship to the ancient ware of China. The leading art critics of the country are now congratulating the self-sacrificing potter on his discovery. A company of interested capitalists have established for him a new and improved pottery, and have enabled him to gain public recognition. Tiffany gives among foreign importations a prominent place to the new American "dragon blood" ware.

Another artistic success, more practical and less costly than the coveted "dragon's blood" ware, is the gray crackle ware produced by an American potter. This crackle china is decorated in a harmonious blue shade, and gets its name of "crackle" from the innumerable fine lines, simulating cracks, which appear on its surface. It comes in every variety of plate, platter, or dish, and is greatly in demand, particularly by those who crave a semblance of age in their appointments.

CINDERELLA LUNCHEONS.

The Cinderellas of society are not without their compensations. Elder sisters are neither so ugly nor so selfish as those of the fable.

The younger daughters of women of the world are provided with functions exclusively their own, and although no gorgeous prince may find them out, they enjoy a hearty, merry time in a manner suited to their youth.

At this season luncheons are in favor. The girls find that for such informal occasions chaperones are not considered essential, and they like the freedom that comes of the fact. Dances, to be sure, are always popular, but it is rather late for dissipation of that sort.

Slippers are of necessity much in vogue for decoration. A Cinderella without her glass slipper would, indeed, be out of character. Therefore, the little maidens' luncheons show flowers arranged in tiny glass shoes and often provide souvenirs of the same form.

A pretty affair given during Lent was all in pink, the color being chosen as symbolical of youth. In the centre of the round table was a large slipper of cut glass, in which were all the La France roses it could be made to hold. At each cover was placed a tiny shoe of the same glass, just big enough to contain a single bud.

The menus were in character and showed clever water color sketches, each giving some incident of the famous nursery story.

RUSSIAN INNOVATIONS.

The San Francisco Argonaut says: "The innovations which the young Czarina is making in the etiquette of the Russian court are meeting with a good deal of opposition from some of the Muscovite ladies. Among the changes, Her Imperial Majesty has ordained that presentations shall be made in the English fashion, the sovereign offering her hand to be kissed, and not shaken, as was the custom of the dowager-Empress. The Russian ladies are disposed to resent this as an unnecessary display of haughtiness."

HANDWRITING.

K. A. M.—Your writing denotes a frank and delightfully honest nature and a high order of intelligence. It is the most pleasing specimen I have yet received. Love of justice, sense of humor, and a generous, beautiful personality are all indicated.

E. B.—An excellent business head, straightforward and honest; more inclined to be practical than sentimental; strong in friendship and the reverse of fickle; a good person to tie to.

Romeo—Juliet.—The chirography of these two specimens is so much alike as to indicate tendencies common to both; accuracy, order, clearness, merriment and stability.

Marion Loftus—Love of approbation, absence of coquetry, slight lack of imagination. You want things real, hate deceit and are eminently faithful.

Adirondack—Self-esteem, order; not satisfied with your present surroundings; love refinement; slightly lacking in sense of humor; good business endowments.

Louise B.—Formation of your letters indicates a peculiar deliberateness. You should cultivate your emotions; try to forget yourself. The fact that you have crossed your three ts in three totally dissimilar ways looks as though you were trying to puzzle

THE CHIROGRAPHIST.

A MUSICAL SOFA PILLOW.

This does not mean a pillow that can be wound up and made to play tunes, but one that has a few bars of some favorite air embroidered on its cover. This can be done effectively on denim with white floss. The writer recalls a charming one of gray-green silk, on which several bars of the prize song from "Die Meistersinger" were worked in white.

A ROYAL HONOR.

Miss Maria Brooks, the English painter, is entitled to place the royal arms upon all her portraits and pictures. After she won the gold medal at South Kensington the Queen sent her an order to paint something for Her Majesty's possession. The honor carried with it the privilege that all British artists have.

A SATISFACTORY REASON.

A certain gushing visitor once asked Mr. Whistler why he never painted a storm at sea, to which he replied: "My dear lady, I've often tried, but unfortunately I paint in oils, and as soon as I spread my colors the waves subside and the sea becomes as calm as a duck pond."

WHAT SHE WOULD DO.

The small new Sunday school scholar was consuming a stick of peppermint candy at the Christmas tree when the young curate caught sight of her. With a vague idea of teaching Christian resignation under misfortune he approached and said, half playfully: "What would you do if I took that candy away?"

The small new scholar looked up with a scowl. "I'd kick you with my new shoes," she replied.

And the curate retreated in disorder.

Marian had been to the pantomime.

"Oh, it was lovely," she said; "there were fairies, and a dragon, and the Harly King"—

"Harlequin," mamma corrected.

"No," said Marian, "I don't mean the Harly Queen; she was nice, too, but I liked the man best, the Harly King."

ETIQUETTE OF CARDS.

Their Proper Size, Style and Information Regarding Their Usage.

The fashionable visiting card is of moderate size, nearly square, fine in texture, white and thin. The address is printed in the right-hand corner, the day for receiving at the lower left hand. And to be in good form the script should be clear and legible.

The sizes in visiting cards for married women are 2⅝ inches by 3½.

For unmarried women, 2⅜ by 3⅜.

For men, 1⅝ by 3½.

The English custom declares "that the eldest married lady in the eldest branch of a family need not have her husband's full name." In this case Mrs. John Robinson becomes Mrs. Robinson. But this is not generally adopted in America.

For a newly married couple both names can be engraved on the same visiting card, such as:

Mr. and Mrs. John Judge,
45 West 72d St.
Tuesdays.

These cards are purely for social obligations—in the acknowledgment of gifts and invitations, for congratulations and condolences.

For the first two years after a young lady enters society her name is engraved upon her mother's card. At the end of that time she is entitled to a card of her own.

A widow the first year of her bereavement has no cards, because she makes no visits during that time. After that she may retain her husband's name. This is purely a matter of sentiment, although strict etiquette requires that her Christian name should be engraved with the prefix of Mrs.

Society declares that the hours of 4 to 6 in the afternoon is the time for card leaving.

If a call is made upon a day "at home," one card of the lady visiting and two of her husband's are left in a basket placed for the purpose.

An unmarried woman without her mother may leave cards for her father, or an uncle, if she resides with him.

In the first call of the season cards should be left for the gentlemen in a family.

No married lady should leave her husband's card for an unmarried lady. He will leave it himself. When a call is made on a mother and daughters two cards should be left—one card for the mother, one for the daughters whether married or single. Two cards are necessary only for the ordinary call, unless the first call of the season; then cards should be left for each member in a family.

If the call should be made on a day that is not an "at home" one, she should send her card or cards to those whom she wishes to see. Servants, as a class, cannot remember names, and a card sent obviates this difficulty.

If a call is made on a person visiting a house two cards should be sent, one for the visitor and one for the lady of the house.

A card should be left after a dinner or luncheon, dancing party or ball. But a reception, unless extremely formal, calls for no card.

Cards should never be left for the younger members of the family without including the elders.

Young people should call on their elders—not the reverse.

After a dinner party a lady should leave her husband's card as well as her own.

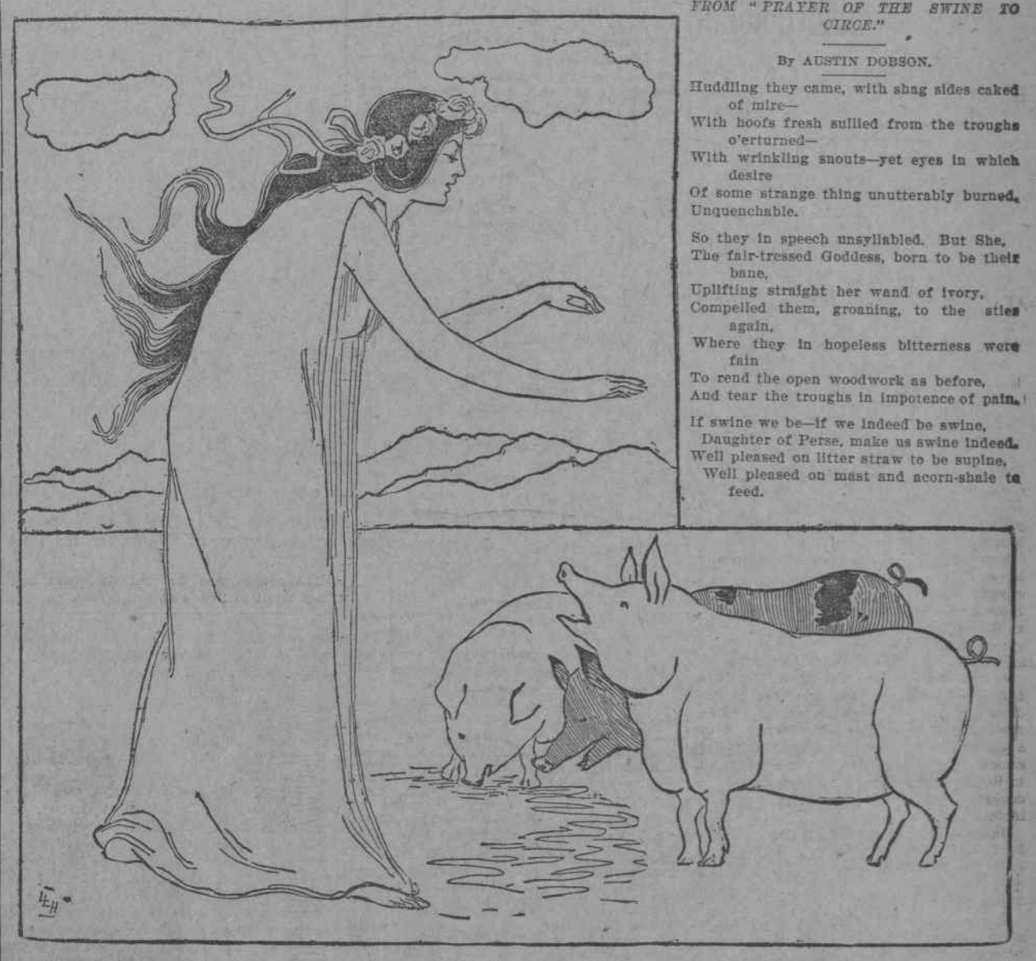
Turning down the corners of cards is no longer fashionable.

All first calls should be returned within a week.

On an "at home day" every lady should make her call. At other times it is an intrusion.

Formal calls should be made once a year. They should not exceed fifteen minutes. If not returned, the acquaintance ceases.

Aesthetic and Profitable Pig Keeping for Women.



FROM "PRAYER OF THE SWINE TO CIRCE."

By AUSTIN DOBSON.

Huddling they came, with shag sides caked of mire—
With hoofs fresh sullied from the troughs o'erturned—
With wrinkling snouts—yet eyes in which desire
Of some strange thing unutterably burned.
Unquenchable.

So they in speech unsyllabled. But She,
The fair-tressed Goddess, born to be their bane,
Uplifting straight her wand of ivory,
Compelled them, groaning, to the sties again,
Where they in hopeless bitterness were fain
To rend the open woodwork as before,
And tear the troughs in impotence of pain.

If swine we be—if we indeed be swine,
Daughter of Perse, make us swine indeed.
Well pleased on litter straw to be supine,
Well pleased on mast and acorn-shale to feed.

An Englishman once wrote a book on the "Aesthetics of Pig-Keeping or Culture," in which the pigsties, built of art tiles, were so attractively pictured that several art piggeries were established. One of them has prospered. Two girls, who concluded to stop on the farm instead of becoming typewriters, went into pig culture. They had the solid ground as carefully laid out and drained as a tennis ground. This, neatly enclosed, was the sty, and so arranged that it could be flooded and kept clean.

The pigs were allowed to run at large within the enclosed space, and a bath was given them suitable to their natural tastes. All that the family did not eat they ate. Special varieties of weeds were cultivated for their use. There were halcyon days spent in gathering acorns and fruits. Neither food nor corn was bought for them. They were not fattened to be sold by the pound, but kept healthy, clean, and appropriately lean.

When the painful moment arrived that they were considered ripe, they were not sold to the butcher, but contracted for by individuals who knew of their careful rearing. There were seventeen pigs in all, having cost comparatively nothing, but they brought $255. The young women who make this report say that the money does not express the pleasure of the outdoor life and of the companionship.

In the pain of separation their comfort was that their pigs did not go to strangers, but were eaten and appreciated by their acquaintances.

The cleanest, cunningest, trickiest of all young creatures is the pig three days old, trotting at his mother's heels. There is none other either that may so soon be turned into money. Well and generously used, he is fit for roasting at six weeks old. Even in the open market he will fetch in near as much as a turkey that has entailed six months of watchful care. Yet the open market is the last thing for which a woman pig-raiser should aim. Instead, let her seek diligently for epicurean private customers, with whom she can make a reputation for fancy wares—and from whom she can receive correspondingly fancy prices.

She who brings such pork to such palates has competence in her grasp. To do it she must learn a few things—first, and most essential, what sort of pigs to raise. Small-boned Berkshires are the best, or crosses of that blood upon native stock not too coarse. Next come Jersey Reds, Essexes and Suffolks. The huge commercial sorts, such as Chester Whites, Poland-Chinas and their kidney, while excellent for the packing-houses, are not for the woman's piggery. It need not be an elaborate affair—nor need any one be withheld from undertaking the management of it within narrow quarters. Though it is always desirable to give the animals some small range, they will thrive if properly tended within a pen twelve feet square. It must have a tight plank floor and a daily cleaning, with a trough at one side for food and at the other for water. They must likewise be cleaned out every day, and, if possible, all should be copiously flushed. Have slats across the troughs so the creatures cannot wallow in them. If there is outside space provide either a cemented pool or a half-hogshead, set firmly in the ground, wherein Master Piggy may splash and dip to his soul's content.

The best food is cornmeal and wheat middlings, mixed and cooked to a thick mush. Feed often, and not too much at a time. It is a dead loss to have your pigs go hungry, yet unwise to keep food standing by them. Supplement the mush with all the buttermilk and clabber you can lay hands upon, and alternate it with feeds of apples, roots and whatever green stuff is in season. Purslane from the garden is a dear tid-bit; so are freshly cut clover and any sort of grain in the milk. Salt the milk slightly, and once a week give more salt mixed liberally with hardwood ashes and bits of charcoal. And as often as you please scrub off the animals, using a long-handled brush and carbolic soap-suds. Twice a week rinse out water and feed-troughs with a solution of copperas, and at least once a fortnight brush all the woodwork over with kerosene.

Beware of straw beds, which mange. Instead, use dry leaves, marsh hay or even excelsior. Change them frequently, and provide shelter from rain, wind and very hot sun, but do not make the mistake of keeping your charges too close. Do not keep them too long, either—the biggest should be ready for the knife at six months old. Lovely and pleasant in their lives, in their deaths you shall divide profits worth naming—all the more if you strike a market worthy of your meat.

AN AVENUE BELLE IN DRESDEN SILK.

For the stately matron and the belle who has ceased to be "sweet" and is content to be "swagger," the chameleon silk with dark backgrounds and rich hued flower effects are admirably adapted. But those with lighter grounds and more delicately pretty flower patterns are the exclusive property of younger girls and should be avoided by the woman who has grown discreet with years. Spring tints belong with Spring-like complexions, and the sere or even ripe and yellow age must avoid the pale greens and pale violets.

But for the damsel whose years and coloring warrant it, here is a charmingly pretty affair. The material is silk, of a shade that shimmers between silvery gray and silvery green, with, perhaps, more of green in the combination. It is strewn with single violets, not in the glaringly obtrusive shade of purple, but in faint lavender. The skirt is very full and about the foot is a moderately wide ruffle of lace, put on in Van Dyke style.

The bodice is a blouse crossed in front by bands of pale green passementerie, beaded with silver and amethyst beads. Deep epaulettes of lace serve to disguise the comparative scantiness of the elbow sleeve, which ends in bands of the passementerie.

UP-TO-DATE PARASOLS.

Parasols of batiste and embroidered grass linen will be in vogue with gowns of similar material.

Flowers form a feature of those made of chiffon and the like. All small blossoms are in favor, but violets appear to take highest rank.

A fascinating model of white chiffon has clusters of mauve and pink china asters at each point and at the top and handle. The bunches are entirely of the blossoms, no leaves being used.

Puffs, combined with an entre deux of lace, are a new feature. A recently imported parasol shows one puff about the edge and one above the entre deux. Above the puff again is a band of violets.

Flowered silk is in demand for occasions of greater simplicity. A serviceable design shows quiet, dull tones, combined with tiny vertical stripes of black.

Handles for parasols of the finer sort are gorgeous and include cut crystal, mother of pearl chased with gold, and tortoise shell showing an inlaid monogram of gold.

Those of simple stuffs, on the other hand, are shown entirely with handles of a severe sort. Natural wood without decoration of any sort is preferred.

Mamma—Is it raining, Bessie?

Bessie (who is looking out of the window)—I can't make out whether it is raining, but the trees are leaking awfully.

IN JOSEFFY'S CLASS.

While Joseffy was in retirement he was not having a half bad time. He has been a teacher in a conservatory of music at a tremendous salary and receiving the homage of a devoted band of young women. Of this homage Joseffy is as apparently disdainful as when the public bowed at his shrine satisfied with an ungracious nod. To belong to Joseffy's class is a badge of honor. The class rarely numbers over twenty-five. A pupil of undoubted talent, who has studied everywhere else, may succeed in entering it free. Everybody else pays high for the privilege. To music teachers who spend hours a day over awkward fingers Joseffy has a royal road. A lesson in his class is once a week and five hours long. A pupil is given one or more pieces to study. In these, after a week, she is expected to be letter perfect. Each pupil in turn takes her place at the piano. The others listen. Joseffy, with his usual indifference of manner, listens, then commends, suggests, or contemptuously dismisses. "Don't play that any more." It is a promising pupil that gets the reason why. This summary manner is more taking than any amount of consideration, and the brow-beaten work harder than ever.

A certain New York lady has her drawing room furniture covered with exquisite old embroideries on satin that were originally church vestments.

THE MENTAL NURSE.

The mental nurse at first had reference to the care of people out of their minds, off their heads, and were assigned to asylums for the care of rich private patients. Since insanity has become so broad a term the occupation of the mental nurse has a wider, more varied, more interesting range. This view has correspondingly changed and widened the duties of the mental nurse. A dyspeptic patient needs a mental nurse when he can afford to have one. A luxurious person who becomes hypochondrical is recommended a mental nurse. Blighted affections, disappointed hopes, as they affect the mind, are recommended to the care of a mental nurse. There are even mental nurses for ennui, satiety and persons suffering from "nervous prosperity."

The qualifications of a mental nurse differ materially from those of other nurses. The mental nurse must be healthy, cheerful and, of course, full of tact. These are by no means all. She must be able to talk well, tell amusing stories, sing songs and have a fund of entertaining gossip. The ability to make spirited running comments—not too malicious—is also of value. In brief, nothing that tends to make one an interesting companion is useless. It can be readily seen what a field opens for a lively person who feels that he or she must live. The preparation for a position as a mental nurse cannot fail to be useful when turned in other directions. Such places are much sought after. They are apt to include travel, books, drives, theatres and numbers of pleasant advantages, for only the rich can afford treatment of this agreeable description.

FAMILY PETS AND WOMEN.

The family of the late General McClellan were devoted to animals. Indeed, Miss McClellan carried her devotion so far that she used to take her white mice (which were named, by the way, after the kings of the ancient Egyptian dynasties) to the Italian opera, as Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger did her celebrated turtle, Mlle. Michette, which, attired in its rosy-colored sash, used to be brought in on a tray by the butler to show to casual callers. When the McClellans' house downtown was burned some years ago the family pets included an elderly and infirm cat, Samuel J. Tilden by name. Mrs. McClellan stood on the sidewalk watching the destruction of her household gods, and exclaimed, in great anxiety: "Oh! where is Samuel?" A kindly fireman overheard her. "Do not fear, madam, the children will be all saved."

It is pleasant to record that Samuel was rescued uninjured.

LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON.

The small son of a certain millionaire of this city is the proud possessor of a four-in-hand of goats. Verily the child is father to the man.